

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 50—No. 44.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, at Three. **FIFTH SATURDAY CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.**—Scottish Symphony, (Mendelssohn); Pianoforte Concerto in B flat (his last), for the first time (Mozart); Overture, "Leonora," No. 2 (Beethoven); Overture in C, "Festel," first time of performance (Wingham). Miss Fanny Heywood (her first appearance at these concerts) and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Solo pianoforte—Mdm. Arabella Goddard. Full Orchestra. Conductor—Mr. MANN. Transferable Reserved Stalls for the remaining Twenty-one Concerts, Two Guineas. Stalls, for this concert, Half-a-Crown. Admission to the Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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SCIENCE and ART for WOMEN, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Mr. ERNST PAUER will deliver Six Lectures on the **CLAVECIN and PIANOFORTE**, and Mr. SEDLEY TAYLOR, Six Lectures on **THE THEORY OF SOUND**, commencing **WEDNESDAY, November 6th**, at 2.30 p.m. For Prospectus apply to the Hon. and Rev. F. BRUN, Treasurer, at the Museum. Fee for either Course, 10s. 6d.; or, for both Courses, 15s.

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HERR JOSEF LUDWIG, begs to announce that he has Returned from the Continent, and that his address is still 16, Fulham Place, Maida Hill, W.

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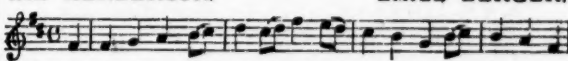
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Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!
What joys attend thine advent gay!
On every tree the birdies sing;
From hill and dale glad echoes ring;
The lark, inspir'd, to Heav'n ascends,
The gurgling brook in beauty wends
By mossy bank and grassy bras,
Where violets bloom and larkins play.
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!
What joys attend thine advent gay!

In mantle clad of fairest sheen,
The woods burst forth in virgin green—
Bright home of birds and flow'rets gay,
The streamlet woos thy sheltered way,
Thro' primrose dells, sweet hawthorn glades,
And silver birches' fragrant shades,
Where nightingales, at close of day,
In leafy bow'rs trill raptur'd lay.
Delightful Spring—sweet month of May!
What joys attend thine advent gay!

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MEMOIR OF PAULINE LUCCA.

(From the "New York Herald.")

(Continued from page 695.)

Pauline Lucca was now in her 18th year. In Berlin, naturally enough, out of compliment to Meyerbeer, she selected Valentine for her debut, at the Königl. Opern-Haus. The sensation produced among the Berlin amateurs and public, who had never heard Pauline, though they had been continually hearing of her triumphs, was prodigious. The seductive young daughter of the South, whose personal beauty, it may here be observed without indiscretion, had excited everywhere almost as much admiration as her dramatic and musical genius, drove the Berlin public wild with rapture. Meyerbeer—the great Meyerbeer—again enchanted, went, post haste, to felicitate and thank the fair and richly endowed dramatic singer, who had once more presented him with the *beau idéal* of his beloved Valentine. As a mark of the sincere interest he felt for Pauline, he thenceforth took her under his own immediate charge, and became her daily monitor, introducing her to his family, with whom, as with himself, she soon became so great a favourite that she was a constant visitor and frequent inmate at the well-known house in the Pariser-Platz. In three of Meyerbeer's grandest characters—Alice (*Robert*), Bertha (the *Prophète*), and Vielka (the *Camp of Silesia*)—Pauline Lucca gained three as splendid triumphs; and in these she had enjoyed the inestimable advantage of the composer's earnest and unremitting supervision.

Meyerbeer, who, as all the musical world knows, and as the writer of this memoir can personally attest, whenever asked, why he did not give the *Africaine*, would answer:—"Où est donc mon *Africaine*?—où est ma chère *Selika*?—Now, at last, in Pauline Lucca, he had happily found a *Selika*. But how disappointed was Meyerbeer when, unable to obtain the consent of the King of Prussia, (the actual Emperor of Germany,) for Pauline to "create" the rôle of *Selika*, in Paris, where *L'Africaine* was first produced, in 1865, need hardly be said. Before that gorgeous work could be heard, the mighty master who had conceived it was no more. The *Africaine*—like *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*—had, as we all know, been intended for Paris from the beginning; and, as we all know, was brought out in the French capital. But Meyerbeer never heard it, either in the French capital, or in the capital of Prussia, where he had his home. His cherished idea was that Pauline Lucca should be *Selika*—no matter where. That cherished idea, however, was not to be realized. Poor Marie Sass!—What would Meyerbeer have said? That fat and unwieldy *Selika*, after the dream so long and persistently cherished of the sweet and almost fragile Pauline! "The Sass" might fairly be described in Shelley's voluptuous stanza ("Sensitive Plant"):

"The rose, like a nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Fold after fold, to the fainting air, &c."

But what Meyerbeer wanted was a new Dido, who, under the Manzanilla tree, would mourn for the departure of Vasco de Gama, as the antique classical Dido of Virgil mourned, at Carthage, for the departure of *Aeneas*. That Dido was Pauline Lucca—

"—not Lancelot, nor another,—"

but Pauline Lucca, and only Pauline Lucca. Meyerbeer did not live to see the realisation of his dream, although the first to play *Selika* in London—when (in July, 1865) an Italian version of the *Africaine* appeared at Covent Garden Opera—was Lucca, and the first to play it in German, at Berlin, was the same Lucca upon whom the immortal musician had counted.

Meyerbeer had left a codicil in his will that if Pauline Lucca was engaged to play *Selika* at the Opera House in Berlin, the *Africaine* might be given in Germany, and in the German language;—if not, he forbade its production. After her first brilliant season in London, Gye was so delighted that he offered her a six years' engagement, at enormous terms, which, for the sake and memory of her old attached friend and counsellor, Meyerbeer, and of the opera in which he had taken so deep an interest, Pauline accepted. On the 18th November, in the

same year, the *Africaine*, in German, was given at Berlin, with Lucca, as *Selika*—a colossal success. Wachtel was the Vasco; Hets was the Neluako; Harriens Wippert was the Insi; and Dorn was the conductor. All the Royal family were present. While the performance of the new masterpiece was going on, the house, and even the carriage of the *Selika* so longed for by the great musician was decorated with festoons of the rarest and most beautiful flowers—exotics, &c.; so that, on reaching home, Pauline scarcely knew herself, or her *Prophète*. All was a kind of floral display—as though the goddess Flora herself had been employed during the interval of the performance in turning bricks into roses, stones into lilies, and planks into mangoes.

After this brilliant triumph, the whole operatic world was thinking of Pauline Lucca. It was Lucca, Lucca, Lucca, in every musical capital. The Emperor of all the Russias, was, as usual, first in the field, with the most tempting and magnificent proposals. His Imperial Majesty dispatched his Intendant of Theatres—the well-known Gudeonow—to ask from the King of Prussia, his august brother, ten weeks' *congé* from Berlin for Pauline Lucca, to sing during the winter in the Russian capital—terms being 80,000 roubles. The King of Prussia magnanimously (although much against his inner will) consented. At St. Petersburg, Pauline went through the whole of her varied repertory, and with such success that for two consecutive winter seasons following, the Emperor of Russia asked to obtain from his august brother, the King of Prussia, a similar leave of absence for the coveted *prima donna*, at even higher terms. How highly Pauline Lucca was regarded in Russia, may be gathered from the following plain matters of fact. After her benefit at the end of the first season—an event never to be forgotten by those who were present—the Crown Princess (Dagmar, sister of the English Danish Princess) had the streets illuminated all the way from the theatre to Lucca's residence; while the Empress of Russia presented her with a pair of brilliant and priceless diamond ear-rings. The public, through the *chef d'orchestre*, gave her a splendid diadem, literally covered with precious stones; and other costly offerings showed the estimation in which she was held. Even the members of the orchestra subscribed to present her with a laurel crown in gold. On arriving at her residence, the regiment of the Imperial Guards, sent by the Grand Duke Nicolas, brother of the Emperor, honoured her with a serenade; while the entire body of chorus belonging to the theatre, in association with the choral societies of St. Petersburg, entertained her with another. During her first visit to the Russian capital, Pauline Lucca organized a concert for the benefit of indigent students, at which she sang several airs in the Russian tongue. The receipts reached considerably above 10,000 roubles. The students were so enthusiastic that they began to rend her shawl in fragments, each keeping a fragment as a memento; until Pauline was absolutely compelled to solicit "grace!"—and, as a compromise, to hand over her gloves and handkerchief, for distribution after a similar fashion. She was called forward no less than thirty times at the end of the concert; and, notwithstanding all her protestations, the students unharnessed the horses of her carriage, and themselves performed the duties of these gallant quadrupeds.

Times for Music.

Ay, nothing cares: the buds peep out
Through the glory of waving grasses;
The lime tree flings its passionate breath
To the light wind as it passes.
The roses cluster, crimson and white,
In affluent glow and bloom;
The sunshine lends its careless light
To the cradle and the tomb.
The wild birds sing 'mid the wedding chimes,
Or the mourners' sobbing prayers;
The seasons keep their stated time,
Life passes; nothing cares.

Ranker.

To Arthur S. Sullivan.

LINCOLN.—M. Léonard has resigned his post as Professor of the violin at the Conservatory. He intends residing permanently in Paris.

* Tennyson's *Guinevere* ("Idylls of the King").

TO DR. ALFRED KALISCHER.*

REGARDING BEETHOVEN'S LOVE-LETTER.

MY DEAR SIR,—From your remarks on the article quoted in this paper from the *Neue Freie Presse*, I find that you are still unconvinced by my proofs, and still keep to your opinion, adducing numerous arguments in favour of the year 1802. Though these arguments are put clearly and sharply, I cannot confess I agree with them, and I will take the liberty of stating my objections. In the first place, however, before coming to the question itself, I must request you kindly to allow me one observation. If the composition of the pleasing and cheerful Fourth Symphony is not, in your opinion, compatible with so serious and fiery a Love-Letter, the composition of the year 1802, namely, the Second Symphony, would be still less in keeping with a much more serious act, the drawing up of his testament, and this is the more true as the Fourth Symphony was, without a doubt, written after the Love-Letter, while Beethoven was staying at the estate of Prince Liechnowski, and after he had been invigorated, physically and mentally, by the use of the waters. Now to the question at issue: In Beethoven's testament, of the 6th October, 1802, we read the following words: "This half year, which I have spent in the country," &c. Now we know from Ries's *Notizen*, as well as from Beethoven himself, that he fixed his residence during this half year at or near the watering-place called Heiligenstadt, in Lower Austria. If we refer to the Love-Letter we find the following: "My journey was fearful; I did not arrive here till 9 o'clock yesterday morning, as there was a scarcity of horses.† At the last station I was warned against travelling by night, made to fear a wood, but that only excited me, and I was wrong, the carriage must necessarily break down on such a road, a bottomless mere country road. Prince Esterhazy on the other road hither had the same lot with eight horses, as I had with four."

Now I assert most emphatically that this description cannot in any way be that of a journey from Vienna to Heiligenstadt, as that watering-place is hardly distant an hour and a half on foot from St. Stephen's Church, Vienna. Furthermore, supposing that Beethoven visited at the commencement of July some non-Austrian watering-place, and wrote the letter there on the 6th or 7th, how could he have drunk the waters, made the return-journey, and, by the 13th of the same month (six days later), write from Vienna to Breitkopf and Härtel? If, as you suggest, the letter is to be referred to the year 1802, it must evidently belong to the month of June, and Beethoven must in his absence of mind have wrongly written the word, "July," three times; though the *onus probandi* logically falls upon you, I can answer: Firstly—In the testament already mentioned—in which, I may observe, we find not the slightest reference or

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† In the Love-Letter, printed by the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, as from the *Neue Freie Presse*, we find the hour stated as "four" and not "nine," according to Mr. Thayer's present version. There are, also, several other discrepancies between the passages as cited by Mr. Thayer and as given by the *Neue Berliner* in the first instance. In order to put the matter as clearly as possible we append the text in both cases, and the reader may judge for himself:—

"Meine Reise war schrecklich, ich kam erst morgens 9 Uhr gestern hier an, da es an Pferden mangelte. Auf der letzten Station warnte man mich, bei Nacht zu fahren, machte mich einen Wald fürchten, aber der reizte mich nur und ich hatte Unrecht, der Wagen musste bei dem Schrecklichen Wege brechen, grundlos, blosser Landweg. Fürst Esterhazy hatte auf dem andern Wege hierher dasselbe Schicksal mit acht Pferden, was ich mit vieren."—Thus Mr. Thayer.

"Meine Reise war schrecklich; ich kam erst Morgens 4 Uhr gestern hier an; da es an Pferden mangelte, wählte die Post eine andere Reiseroute, aber welch' schrecklicher Weg; auf der letzten Station warnte man mich, bei Nacht zu fahren—machte mich einen Wald fürchten, aber das reizte mich nur, und ich hatte Unrecht; der Wagen musste bei dem schrecklichen Wege brechen, grundlos, blosser Landweg—ohne solche Postillone, wie ich hatte, wäre ich liegen geblieben unterwegs. Eszterhazy hatte auf dem andern gewöhnlichen Wege hiehin dasselbe Schicksal mit acht Pferden, was ich mit vier—." So the *Neue Berliner*.

Both the above versions cannot be correct. Surely, when so much discussion has taken place in this matter, over an "1" for an "n" or vice-versa, we ought to know what the text really is.

TRANSLATOR.

allusion to a love-affair, fortunate or unfortunate—Beethoven explains in the following words why he went into the country so early in the year: "Having been required by my sensible physician to spare my hearing as much as possible," etc.

Dr. Schmidt had forbidden his patient to mix in society this half-year; is it possible that, under the circumstances, he would send him to a large inland watering-place? Indeed, judging by the will, we cannot believe that Beethoven made any journey at all this summer.

Secondly—This was the first summer that Ferdinand Ries spent in Vienna, going regularly to Heiligenstadt for the purpose of receiving lessons from Beethoven. It is very evident from his *Notizen* that, as far as Ries was aware, his master made no journey that year; if he had, Ries knew nothing about it, or else had entirely forgotten it! In a word, except the assumption, based upon the Love-Letter itself, there does not exist the very slightest ground for supposing that Beethoven went to any watering-place. All that we know leads to an opposite conclusion.

Thirdly—With regard to the alteration in the name of the month, we may remark that, after writing for a month "June," it might be easy, perhaps, to make a mistake in the first days of July, by writing June instead of July; but we cannot possibly believe that any one would have written July immediately after May. No, my respected friend, it is perfectly certain that, from April to October, 1802, Beethoven was under the professional care of Dr. Schmidt, in Heiligenstadt, and your "intuitive" must in this case yield to my *chronological*, system.—With friendly greeting, I remain, your friend.

A. W. THAYER.

Triest, 5th July, 1872.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

(Continued from page 679.)

Of course, one wishes to hear as few wrong notes as possible; but how often do we have the unfortunate *base basses*, or the left (hand) left out, or, no right hand (when both are wrong), and, in addition to certain uncomfortablenesses in the bass, the *agonizing* shakes? In the fantasias operatic, forgetting notes in the upper attics; or, in the classical (we might omit the first two letters), deliberately cutting out whole bars of Beethoven; improvising on Mozart; having a battle with the rattle, and becoming quite demure in Time; the chords belonging to the ragged school—in fact the fingers, like a certain great nation, fighting among themselves, with a thundering sublimity in the heavy brigade style; or, in breathless Time, fumbling and floundering over the keys and *chopping* Chopin! Pardon these incoherences—'tis only a poor music master giving "vent" to his feelings—but do pupils ever believe that a music master has any feelings? When caught in the net of rather classical difficulties, does "an'umble" state of mind follow? Then, when anything is missed, do they look to the master?—yes; and wish that he could practise for them, in fact, do all the "dirty work" of practising passages. So many fine players would there be if the *work* could be delegated to another! How few understand the real definition of the word, Practice—how many there are who chevy-chase through almost numberless sonatas, fantasias, and variations (with their own variations), in an hour, and get up with all the air of conscious virtue, and fancy they have practised! There are composers (by mistake) who compose a little too often—sad natural flights of fancy, preferring a private performance to themselves, when everything is so much more perfect than when played to the master. What masters have to answer for! I believe many who can do such wonders and are never wrong when playing to themselves—or, perhaps, fancying that the master should applaud little *exuberances* of imagination in the few involuntary variations gained at their shabby so-called practice, with such contented (certainly not happy) dispositions—who judge of music after this fashion:—"First, by looking at the outside to see that there is a pretty cover; then secondly to see how many pages; then thirdly, to see if it looks black, and lastly, to see "if it looks pretty." Or, perhaps, indolence of taste may go further, and a "pretty piece" is recommended by a friend. Does a young lady ever trust another to recommend a bonnet? By-the-bye, how are

those who cannot hear music on paper to judge if a piece is pretty by looking at it—what can be their ideas of the forms of notes, &c., &c., and a great deal more, which “no musician can understand?”—an impenetrable mystery—like “the Pieces for the Drawing-Room,” supposed to have something in nothing. Yet the Ladies of the Creation are far before the Lords, in their generation mostly, musically speaking. How often are the former obliged to come down to the mere ear-tickling fantasias, &c., in order to have domestic peace and quietness, in listening! The love and the taste for music is, I believe, most rapidly advancing—the analytical programmes, to direct the attention of the listener to the salient points of a composition, thereby increasing the interest and improving the auditor whilst thus really listening; then, again, reading the critiques on the performance that has taken place. All these aids have certainly tended towards making the public feel that music is a great fact, and to be thought on. The accomplished critic of *The* — is a great public teacher, and, like a judicious instructor, is always most encouraging to his pupils, the public; and although amongst auditors there may be cases of affectionate delusion—for example, at the quartet concerts of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, when, after one of Mdm. Arabella Goddard's splendid achievements, a loving mamma will turn round to her party and say: “Our Annie plays that”—upon which our Annie steals furtive glances at the admiring group, and seems to say: “*I, too, am a bella donna*”—or, speaking of Sir Julius Benedict's incomparable accompanying, may say: “It's very easy, only ‘tum, tum’”—not knowing what the ‘tum, tum’ has to go with, and how skilfully it must be interwoven with the singer or soloist, so dependent on the accompanist; yet, in spite of all these listeners who have still to learn, there are now generally most intelligent and appreciative audiences. To those performers of the pianoforte, who scarcely allow their left hand to know what their right hand is doing, I would refer to method of practice at the great Glass House, where the many Maons rolled into one, having studied the whole anatomy of the works to be practiced—does really practice—and his compatriots and friends in the orchestra enjoying the beating and admonitions—it is, I say, a treat to see the conductor (with, occasionally, the pedal “G.” of the establishment taking the box seat at his side, and admiring how skilfully the reins are handled)—to see and feel the conductor communicating his electric shocks to the pipes and strings, &c.—splendid telegraphy! By-the-by, talking of box seats, puts me in mind of meeting with a gentleman (an enthusiastic amateur Fagottist), in a railway train, who kept on whistling away, I dare say, some “Music of the Future”—I wished it had not been present—and by way of stopping “the pipe” of this piping thrush—believing that no one could talk and whistle at the same time, commenced a conversation by observing that he must be very fond of music. He assured me that he was very profound in the art, and gave me an instance of it, in the following anecdote of himself and a noble lord, a great patron of music and a composer:—Travelling one day from Oxford to London, by the coach, the Jehu, who knew my friend, the amateur Fagottist, said: “Do you know that the gentleman who has the box seat is Lord —, the great musician? Pleased with the information, and acting upon the suggestion, my friend took his seat behind the noble lord, and commenced whistling, when, as he solemnly assured me, Lord — turned round and said: “You are whistling the second bassoon part of the Messiah”—the effect of transposition must have been rather odd. In “making a score” of these remarks, it will not be out of place to go from the bassoon to clarinet. Some years back I was at an amateur performance of an oratorio, most creditably executed—the band and chorus on a platform, and conducted in a most triumphant manner—but the clarinet player (1st and 2nd, it may be) occupied the two front benches for himself and his clarinet, and reeds and music. I had happened to have the honour of being with the patron of the performance, so was on the third seat from the aforesaid clarinet performer. Before the commencement of the oratorio, the clarinets and reeds were most solemnly laid out, with the air and manner of distinguished medical men about to perform some great surgical operation—then the oratorio commenced. Then the gentleman of the clarinet played with expression—the

turns—tasty turns—“turn again” (perhaps not Whittington)—perfectly oblivious of what the rest were doing in the orchestra. He conducted himself with propriety, and then, having performed the oratorio, seemed to retire peacefully into the bosom of his family—if he had a family—or to contemplate the clarinet and reeds and moaning to them in his sleep—“Oh, rest ye, Babes.” I too dream of the Zamiel (*Freischütz*) low notes, on the geese of the clarinet. The man that hath not music in his soul Shakespeare feelingly alludes to as fit for stratagems, treasons, and spoils—and not to be trusted. How are pupils, who have, perhaps, not had the advantage of reading “*Music and Morals*,” to be trusted, when they are told to practice—fly through their pieces. The redoubtable Don Quixote, on special occasions, reminded the distinguished Sancho that at the end of a certain day's journey he (Sancho) should give himself forty stripes, the History going on to state “that Sancho retired to a convenient distance, and—beat the bushes.” W. H. HOLMES.

(To be continued.)

MOST IMPORTANT.

We are informed that the following supplementary Regulations are under the consideration of the Government, as ADDENDA to the new Licensing Act:—

- 1.—All Theatres, Music Halls, and other Places of Amusement to be closed at 8 p.m.
- 2.—Private Houses must have their Lights out by 9 p.m. The Police have orders to report any infringement of this Regulation.
- 3.—Any Person found in the Street after 9 p.m. will be apprehended, and treated as a Rogue and a Vagabond.
- 4.—Smoking after 8 p.m. is strictly prohibited, both in the streets and in private houses.
- 5.—Persons wishing to give a private party must make application to the Commissioner of Police, who will grant a special license—or not, as he thinks fit; in no case is such special license to extend further than 10 p.m.
- 6.—Any person whistling in the streets may be taken into custody, and fined 40s.
- 7.—Male Persons accompanied by their wives must, before entering any Public house, Tavern, Theatre, or other public place, show their marriage certificate to the landlord, box-keeper, or policeman, otherwise they will not be admitted.
- 8.—Tea Meetings to be strictly prohibited (except those of certified Teetotallers), it having been ascertained that something stronger than Two-and-sixpenny Black was contained in the urns.
- 9.—All places licensed for the sale of intoxicating drinks shall close at 8 p.m. on Saturdays, and not re-open until 8 a.m. on Mondays; and any person expressing a wish on the Sabbath for a glass of ale, &c., shall incur a penalty of 40s. without mitigation.

The Working Classes are considered by the Government and the Legislature to have progressed so much in morality, intellectuality, &c., as to be eligible to enjoy the high privilege of the Franchise; but at the same time think that they (the Working Classes) have degenerated in the above qualifications to such an extent that they cannot be trusted to enjoy themselves after 11 p.m.!

The above Regulations are applicable only to the Working and Middle Classes, who cannot afford to become members of clubs.

Lacy Wink Ward.

Great Malvern, Worcestershire, Oct. 25, 1872.

WIENBADEN.—The Emperor of Germany has raised the salaries of all persons engaged at the Theatre Royal fifty per cent. This will cost the Imperial Privy Purse 12,000 thalers a year.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—A short time since, there was an operatic performance at the house of a wealthy Armenian, Diran Bey. It consisted of selections from an opera composed by another Armenian of the name of Tigranes, who is resident here. The work will be performed at Vienna, during the Grand Industrial Exhibition in that capital. The story is taken from Armenian history, and the hero is King Arak II. (a contemporary of Julian the Apostate), who, after having been betrayed by his generals, A.D. 369, was deprived of sight and put to death by Sapor. Among the selections performed was the Introduction, a piece which proves the composer possesses talent, and, moreover, the gift of ennobling the national motives he has introduced. The Sultan has just given his sanction to the first Turkish law on artistic and literary works. The exclusive right of property and of translation is secured to the author, his heirs, and assigns, for forty years. The rights may be sold either wholly or in part.

OPERATIC REFORM.

The new managers of the New York Academy of Music are sweeping with efficient brooms. A writer in the *Acadian* says:—

"There is a new régime at the Academy of Music this season. 'Positively no free list.' You may have heard that before, but you never saw it work so effectually as here.

"Men who have grown grey in dead-heading found themselves suddenly cut off. One old musical veteran, who with a grim sense of humour has kept up a kind of semi-occasional art advertiser, appealed to my sympathy. I saw him sitting in the lobby disconsolate, the snows of many winters threatening to dissolve in the heat of his place. I thought I would cheer him up.

"Life, it has been rhythmically observed (I said to him), is too short to be sighing o'er."

"I'll give 'em ———," he cried doubling up his fists. "Charge me two dollars to come in, will they?"

"Calm yourself my aged friend," I said. "There is reason in all things, and you won't give them ———, for you will get tired of paying two dollars long before they get tired of abuse."

"With that generous and consoling remark—for upon my soul I never could be unkind, even to a veteran dead-head—I left him.

"Mr. Jarrett has quietly smashed the flower business too. On the second night of Luca's appearance, there were about half a ton of floral ships and monuments, and baskets accumulated in the office. They were all sent round to the artists' rooms. 'If people wish to fling bouquets out of their boxes to their favourites,' he said, 'well and good; but my ushers are not porters.'

"So the bouquet-men, the dead-heads, and the ticket-speculators are not sure that the present season will be a success."

All this is good. May the elbows of Messrs. Maretzek and Jarrett have even more power.

AMPHITRYON.

The Theban Prince and Warrior was married to Alcmena, whose hand was won by his revenging the murder of her two brothers, the three being the children of Electryon, King of Mycenæ. This union produced Hercules, but Amphitryon was not the father, Jupiter having taken his form, whilst absent at the wars, and imposed himself on Alcmena as her husband. Such is classic history of an event, which led to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, from which play Shakespeare took the notion of his *Comedy of Errors*. Molière selected the subject for a play, which was produced in Paris in 1688. Dryden brought out *Amphitryon*; or, the *Two Sosas*, at the Theatre Royal, erected by Killegrew, on the site of the Riding Yard, Bridges Street, now Drury Lane Theatre. Dryden made free use both of Plautus and Molière. The original English cast was Jupiter—Betterton (grandfather of Mrs. Glover); Amphitryon—Williams; Mercury—Leigh; and Sosia—Nokes. These were the two doubles: Gripus—Sandford; Phœbus—Bowman; Alcmena—Mrs. Barry; Phœdra—Mrs. Mountfort; Night—Mrs. Butler; Bromia—Mrs. Corey. In Plautus's time, the Romans acted in masks, so there was no difficulty in the two doubles. Mercury spoke the prologue, signifying that he should wear feathers in his cap to distinguish him from the real Sosia. In 1708, 1734, 1756, 1769, and 1784, Dryden's comedy was revived at Drury Lane; at the last-mentioned period John Kemble was Jupiter, Aikin was Amphitryon, Barrymore was Mercury, and Palmer was Sosia. In 1773, Dryden's version, altered, was produced with Ross as Jupiter, Mattocks as Amphitryon, Wroughton as Mercury, and Woodward as Sosia. Coming nearer to our own time, the last revival was at Drury Lane, in 1826. John Cooper was Jupiter, Archer was Amphitryon, Harley was Mercury, Laporte (afterwards lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, and *impresario* of the King's Theatre—"Her Majesty's") was Sosia, Mr. W. Bennett was Gripus (changed to Graspus), Mrs. W. West played Alcmena, and Mrs. Davison (Miss Duncan) played Phœdra. The comedy was given eight times, but was cut down from a comedy to a farce.

Mr. John Oxenford has taken Dryden's play in hand, and it was produced with entire success on Monday (the 28th ult.), with Mr. Herman Vezin as Jupiter, Mr. H. Fisher as Amphitryon, Mr. C. Steyne as Mercury, Mr. E. Righton as Sosia; Miss A. Dyas as Alcmena, Miss M. Litton as Phœdra, and Mrs. Stephens as Bromia. If the doubles at the Court Theatre are as like as the Brothers Webb when the *Comedy of Errors* was revived at the Princess's Theatre, the fun must be fast and furious. Mr. Oxenford must have experienced some difficulty in the modi-

fication of Dryden's text, in order to be very proper in these days, when "*La Pudeur s'est enfouie des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres.*"

Mr. Oxenford has written a prologue, to be spoken by Mr. Herman Vezin as Jupiter; and, as the adapter has therein foreshadowed his *modus operandi* in dealing with Dryden, we annex the words:—

PROLOGUE.

Ladies and gentlemen, 'tis our intent
A play once deemed a classic to present,
All about Jupiter, who, sway'd by love
To court Alcmena, leaves his realm above;
And, that his wooing may not fail, puts on
The form of her betrothed Amphitryon,
Who, as Thebes' general, to the wars has gone.
"Betrothed," I say, not married; do not quarrel,
Lemprière says otherwise, but we are moral.
That I am Jupiter you'll bear in mind,
Else a sad puzzle in our plot you'll find.
Here my son Mercury you'll recognise;
To aid his sire he, too, will leave the skies.
With right good will my enterprise he shares,
And, as you see, a servile habit wears.
He hopes, as Sosia, to prevent intrusion,
And trusts with me you'll relish the confusion
That will arise when, laid aside our terrors,
We, gods, produce a "Comedy of Errors."
We use the text that glorious Dryden taught us,
Instead of following Molière or Plautus.
So if sometimes pretending to be Greek,
We blurt out phrases that are not antique,
Call, if you like, our comedy grotesque,
But do not pray mistake it for burlesque.
Pshaw! if it serve a weary hour to kill,
Bestow a laugh, and call it what you will.

This classical revival will prove interesting, especially to playgoers who can recollect the cast of 1826, and perhaps the reference to the antecedents of *Amphitryon* may prove interesting to readers generally. C. L. G.

[The above was in type previous to the production of the play last Monday, with decided success.—Ed.]

HORACE GREELEY AND RUBINSTEIN.

The "sage of Chappaqua" attended Rubinstein's benefit concert, in New York, and the influence of one genius upon another, is thus described in the *Weekly Review*:—

"Rubinstein played a composition of his own: *Theme et Variations*, with a fluency, inspiration, and power that nothing could resist. We speak literally. It kindled in the minds of the majority of his auditors the most glowing and delightful sense of the grandeur and poetry of soaring musical thought; but upon that eminent practical philosopher, Horace Greeley, it produced a still more marked effect, for it transported him to the land of dreams. At first he began to nod with the significance, if not the potency, of Jupiter, and in spite of the suggestive nudges and pinches of his two daughters, who graced his presence on either side, and the telegraphic despatches that arrived from time to time, and were thrust into his listless hand, he succumbed to the omnipotent strains of Rubinstein, and sank into the blissful Lethe of forgetfulness. In his ecstatic trance his audible breathing was a comforting assurance to the myriads (who look to him to save the country) that he still lived; for remote as his mighty mind was from the scene before him,

'In double bass his snore
Came sweet and strong from the far-echoing shore'
of the land of oblivion. Rubinstein's triumph was complete, and the great modern philosopher, philanthropist and statesman was overcome."

The story calls to mind an incident recorded by Mr. John Ella (director of the Musical Union), one of whose parliamentary subscribers slept at a Musical Union concert, and was shown up in the next *Record* as an illustration of the power of music over a spirit weary of battling with the world.

POTSDAM.—Annexed is the programme of the last concert of the Philharmonic Society: Symphony, Op. 90, A major, Mendelssohn; "Concert-Arie," Weber (Mdlle. Lessing); Sonata, Op. 101, A major, Beethoven (Herr Hermann Zimmer); Overture to *Coriolan*, Beethoven; Air from *Faust*, Gounod; Various Pieces, Bach and Chopin (Herr Zimmer); Songs, Schubert and Beethoven (Mdlle. Lessing); "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 11, Franz Liszt (Herr Zimmer).

ORATORIO CONCERT—ATHALIA.

On Tuesday night, the 22nd inst., the Tonic Sol-fa Society, conducted by Mr. W. M. Miller, gave a performance in the City Hall, for the first time in Scotland, of Handel's long-neglected *Athalia*. The musical public of this country is essentially conservative, and its habit of clinging only to what is well-known and appreciated, results in real loss to those who desire to hear anything out of the beaten track. Amateurs who have learnt to appreciate the beauties of the *Messiah* are seemingly contented to go on year after year "worshipping their one god," to the exclusion of the other eighteen oratorios written by the same genius. It is the fashion also to believe, or at least to say, that the *Messiah* takes precedence of every work of its kind. Musically speaking, this is absurd; for the beauties of the *Messiah* in no way eclipse those which are displayed in many of Handel's other sacred writings. The directors of the Tonic Sol-fa Society have evidently determined to break through those barriers of custom and fashion, their prospectus of the season promising three of Handel's oratorios never before performed in Glasgow—*Athalia*, as given last evening, and *Belshazzar* and *Israel in Egypt* to follow. *Athalia*, it is generally known, stands third in order of Handel's nineteen English oratorios, and was written by the composer in his 48th year. Its first performance at Oxford, in 1733, was a great success in spite of much opposition, as duly recorded in anonymous pamphlets of the day. This oratorio shows all the master's strong points. It contains sublime ideas, purely religious in character, worked out with consummate skill, and abounding with unexpected modulations, never forced, but always calmly natural. In this work, also, we may trace the germ of ideas which Handel in later works more fully matured and elaborated, and suggestions of thought which Beethoven, in his *Mount of Olives*, and Mendelssohn, in his *Elijah*, turned to good account. In studying the grandeur and simplicity of the choruses, one can understand why Mozart bowed the knee to the mighty Saxon, and why Beethoven, when he yearned, and tried, and failed to write sacred choruses as noble, acknowledged his failure, like a true genius, and exclaimed, "I cannot match the magic of his simplicity." It would be a task of love to analyze exhaustively this important work, and to point out in detail many passages illustrative of what we have said; but, as this is at present impossible, we must hurriedly pass on to notice briefly last night's performance.

On account of indisposition, the place of Mdme. de Wilhorst was filled by Mdle. Pauline Rita. This change was no improvement, because, although we do not enthusiastically admire Mdme. de Wilhorst's singing we are satisfied she would have done greater justice to the music than her substitute of last evening. It is but fair to add that Mdle. Rita sang with great care, and seemed to satisfy the audience. Miss Penman's singing may be summarily dismissed. We have seldom heard such an important part in oratorio so unsatisfactorily performed. Miss Penman, however, received considerable applause. Mdme. Demerich-Lablache made a great impression by her careful and artistic rendering of the music allotted to her. Naturally the dramatic portions of her part received the greatest justice, and in these she achieved the chief success of the evening, so far as the solo vocalists are concerned. Mr. Vernon Rigby's voice showed slight traces of fatigue, but nevertheless he sang his music most artistically. His "Gentle Airs" pleased his hearers so much that he was forced to repeat it. Mr. Brandon has probably not quite fulfilled the high expectations that his Glasgow friends entertained of him some years ago, when he was a young and rising artist, yet he does everything he undertakes in a careful and conscientious manner, and is at all times worthily greeted with a hearty welcome.

Of the chorus, we may honestly say that we never before heard it to such advantage. The reason for this, we believe, is not far to seek; for, from whatever cause, it must be admitted that Mr. Miller's choristers excel in music, which calls forth vigorous execution, and a great volume of tone. Having said so much, we feel constrained to add that, whether or not it be the result of the Tonic Sol-fa system of training, we have not listened to any company of Mr. Curwen's followers who were able to render perfectly music which requires minute execution and delicacy of expression. The choral parts of *Athalia* are broad in character, and thoroughly suited to the power of this society.

We cannot congratulate the orchestra on their part of the performance. The first movement of the overture was played in bad time, tune, and tone, although the instrumentalists somewhat recovered themselves in the last *allegro*. During the evening, however, they were too often out of time, and their playing was deficient in accent. The flute obligato part was well rendered, but we cannot say as much for that of the violoncello. Mr. Charles Ferguson presided at the organ (in room of Mr. Lambeth, who is at present indisposed), and deserves a word of praise for the manner in which he played the accompaniments. It might certainly have been desir-

able in the outset to have turned on less power, for, occasionally, in the first part, he drowned the vocal strength of the society. The piano accompaniments of the recitatives were not well played, Mr. Shedlock displaying too much vigour in striking the chords.—*Glasgow Herald*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the third Saturday Concert, Mr. Manns presented the following selection:—

Overture, <i>Ali Baba</i>	Cherubini.
Scena and aria, "Non temer amate bene" (Madame Sinico)	Mozart.
Concerto, organ and orchestra; organ, Dr. Stainer ...	Prout.
Romanza, "Angiol d'Amore" (Mr. J. W. Turner) ...	Donizetti.
Aria, "Se'lver" (Madame Sinico)	Beethoven.
Symphony No. 2 (D major).....	Beethoven.
Song, "The Shades of Evening" (Mr. J. W. Turner)	Clay.
Canzone, "Saper vorreste" (Madame Sinico)	Verdi.
Overture, <i>Ruy Blas</i>	Mendelssohn.

The selection from Cherubini was very interesting, not merely for its own sake, but as an example of its composer's genius, when its composer himself had exceeded the "three score years and ten" which form the traditional span of life. It was interesting, moreover, as an illustration how those who have lived for years upon the applause of the public will sometimes adapt themselves to the vagaries of fashion in order to live upon it still. In *Ali Baba* the severe and classical Cherubini stoops to use the enormous orchestra of Spontini, and emulates that "Napoleon of sound" in the production of noisy effects. Mendelssohn saw and lamented this at the time, and an extract from his letters was so appositely quoted by the Crystal Palace annotator that we offer no excuse for reproducing it here.

"I have just looked" (wrote the then young German musician), "through Cherubini's new opera, and though I was quite enchanted with many parts of it, still I cannot but deeply lament that he so often adopts that new corrupt Parisian fashion which makes the instruments nothing and the effect everything—flinging about three or four trombones, as if the drums in men's ears were real drums; and then in the finales winding up with hideous chords, and a tumult and a crash most grievous to listen to."

The overture to *Ali Baba* justifies these remarks; but, with all its noise, the hand and mind of a master are evident, for the sake of which things much can be endured. Of its performance by the Crystal Palace orchestra we need not say a word. Mr. Prout's Concerto was played on this occasion for the first time, and its production should be accounted a noteworthy event both as regards the merit of the work, and as combining the resources of the modern organ with those of the modern orchestra. On the latter point some interesting remarks were made by "J. S." in the book of words. They ran as follows:—

"A new sphere of art is gradually unfolding itself to organists and writers of organ music owing to two facts; the first, that mechanical contrivances have been recently invented which enable a player to produce with rapidity a great variety of effects, both as to quantity and quality of tone; the second, that so many good specimens of this instrument are often to be found in our concert-rooms. Composers have not been slow to take advantage of the former, but, as far as we know, no one has discovered that the latter fact will allow the capabilities of the 'king of instruments' to be brought out, not only in contrast to the lights and shades of a full band, but also in conjunction with them. Even Mendelssohn, who, in his double capacity of composer and organ player, had every right to make the attempt, and whose known partiality for the instrument should certainly have prompted him to it, does not appear to have left any piece of the kind behind him. The author of this Concerto thus comes before us as a pioneer in this direction, and has interweaved organ and orchestra in a way not before attempted."

These remarks show the significance of Mr. Prout's effort, and at the same time challenge for it no ordinary criticism. We do not propose, however, to notice the Concerto here, but shall direct the attention of our readers to it in a reviewing column at the length which its merits and character warrant. Enough for the present that the work was a genuine success; that Dr. Stainer and the orchestra did it all possible justice; and that Mr. Prout was compelled to appear and acknowledge the unanimous applause of his audience. Beethoven's Symphony again asserted a marked advance upon its predecessor (No. 1.), and again delighted all who heard it. As usual, the Scherzo made a profound impression. Such music never loses its freshness; and familiarity with it only increases wonder. An admirable concert was effectively brought to a close by Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*. As regards the vocal music we need only say that Mr. Turner appeared to gratify his audience, who applauded all his songs warmly. T. E.

[Our notice of the fourth concert must stand over till next week.—Ed.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIFTEENTH SEASON, 1872-3.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the FIFTEENTH SEASON of the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, commences on MONDAY EVENING, November 11, and that the performances will take place as follows, viz.:—Monday, November 11; Monday, November 18; Monday, November 25; Monday, December 2; Monday, December 9; Monday, December 16, 1872; Monday, January 13; Monday, January 20; Monday, January 27; Monday, February 3; Monday, February 10; Monday, February 17; Monday, February 24; Monday, March 3; Monday, March 10; Monday, March 17, 1873. Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, January 25; February 1, 8, 15, 22; March 1 and 8, 1873.

FIVE EXTRA MORNING PERFORMANCES

(Not included in the Subscription) will be given before Christmas,

On Saturdays, November 16, 23, 30, December 7 and 14.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD is engaged as pianist on Mondays, November 11 and 25, and on Saturday, November 23. Mr. CHARLES HALLE will appear on Mondays, November 18, December 2 and 16, and on Saturdays, November 16, 30, and December 14. Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will be the violinist on Mondays, November 11, 18, and 25; also on Saturdays, November 16, 23, and 30. Signor PIATTI will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions. Herr L. RIES that of second violin. Herr STRAUB, or Mr. ZERBINI, will play viola. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr. ZERBINI, as heretofore, officiating as conductors. Mr. SIMS REWES is engaged on Saturday Afternoon, December 7 and 14; and Mr. Santley will appear on Monday Evening, December 16. Madame SCHUMANN, Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, Herr PAUER, Herr DANNEBERGER, Mons. DELABORDE, Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, M. SAINTON, and Herr JOACHIM will appear after Christmas.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, 1872.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in C major, Op. 33, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Haydn.
SONG, "Deh vieni non tardar"—Madame SINICO Mozart.
SONATA in C minor, Op. 111, for pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Quando a te leta"—Madame SINICO, violoncello obbligato, Signor PIATTI Gounod.
TRIO in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.

CONDUCTOR SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 39, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock and Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Delavan's and Co., Brompton Road.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

FIFTH CONCERT—THIS DAY—NOVEMBER 2nd, 1872.

Programme.

1. OVERTURE, "Festal." (First time of performance) Wingham.
2. ARIA, "Vedrai Carlo" (*Don Giovanni*)—Miss FANNY HETWOOD Mozart.
3. MADRIGAL, "In the Spring time" (*Pet Dore*)—MR. VERNON RIGBY Gounod.
4. PIANOFORTE CONCERTO, in B flat (his last) (First time at these Concerts)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD Mozart.
5. SONG, "Komm lieber mai"—Miss FANNY HETWOOD Mendelssohn.
6. SYMPHONY, "The Scotch" Mozart.
7. ARIA, "Vedrommi intorno" (*Idomeneo*)—MR. VERNON RIGBY Weber.
8. ARIETTA, "If a Youth should meet a Maiden" (*Freischütz*)—Miss FANNY HETWOOD Beethoven.
9. OVERTURE, "Leonora," (No. 2) Beethoven.
CONDUCTOR MR. MANNS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. DIGGER.—Apply to Mr. Cunningham Boosey—Little Argyll Street, Regent Street. Dr. Digger is wrong about *Tancredi*. It was Persiani who played with Alboni, in that early opera of Rossini's, at Covent Garden (1848).

W. H. P.—Copy reached us too late for this number. It shall be inserted in our next.

Mrs. WELDON is respectfully informed that we can print no more letters on the subject to which she refers. The publishers of the *Musical World* are not the agents of Mr. John Boosey, who is quite capable of looking after his own affairs, and of settling his own differences, with whomsoever they may happen to arise. Furthermore, the last letter which Mrs. Weldon sent to us for insertion borders upon the "libellous."

DEATH.

Died, on the 27th October, Mrs. VAN PRAAG, wife of Mr. VAN PRAAG, in her 52nd year, after a few days severe illness.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

THE requirements of mankind vary strangely at different epochs and in various countries. When the Cæsars held sway in the ancient city,

Prima urbes intra, Divum domus, aurea Roma,

what would the populace have said, had they been baulked of the shows and combats for which the vast arena of the stupendous Coliseum was renowned; had they been disappointed of their gladiators, "butcher'd to make a Roman holiday?" What, again, would be the feelings of a Spanish crowd, if deprived of that most thoroughly national—and degrading—of all the *cosas de Espana*: the Bull-Fight, with its long array of *picadores*, *capeadores*, *banderilleros*, and *matadores*, not forgetting the *cura*, or priest, always in waiting at such exhibitions, to administer the extreme unction to any of the performers, who may have received a mortal thrust from the wretched, panting, dazed, and bewildered *toro*, brought from his quiet pastures far away, to amuse an excited, howling, blood-thirsty, and cowardly crowd? When Congreve wrote the *Old Bachelor*, and Farquhar delighted our forefathers with *The Beaux Stratagem*, what fair occupant of the side-boxes would have graced the theatre with her presence without her mask? In the days of Hogarth, did not patches, and pug-dogs, and little negro boys, constitute indispensable adjuncts of the fairer portion of the Quality? Is it so very long since a Dutch Burgomaster considered it was incumbent on him to have some rare and costly specimens of tulips, as his English brother, the Lord Mayor of London, to possess a sword-bearer and "Mr. Mace?" No gentleman in Japan could live without his fan, and a Chinese Mandarin would deem his establishment incomplete did it not include a collection of kites, shaped like griffins, dragons, and other apocryphal monsters.

When the author of the Commentaries *De Bello Gallico* landed in England, the natives were not over-burdened with wearing apparel; still, they required coats—of paint, about which they were, we doubt not, as particular as their descendants are about the garments they order of the *arbitrè elegantiarum* in Saville Row, whose illuminations on Royal birth-nights, would, by the way, do credit to a Roman Catholic Missal. In the present age, we require more substantial vestments than those patronized by our less particular ancestors, and cheap advertising tailors have sprung up to supply the desideratum. These, in their

turn, have discovered, it appears, that they, too, urgently require something: they require a poet, for the purpose of vaunting in flowing verse the beauty, durability, and moderate prices of their wares. By the way, if they possessed a sense of propriety, they would, of course, all employ the poet Close.

We, too, that is to say the Editors and Writers on newspapers and other periodicals, have a requirement peculiar to ourselves. Like the noxious weed which an enthusiastic old gentleman, madly devoted to botany, but utterly unconscious of consequences, introduced some years ago into this country, and which now threatens to stop the navigation on our rivers and canals, the law of libel has been growing lately at a fearful rate; and, unless some means can be discovered to check its rapid development, bids fair to choke up the fair and honest utterances of the press. It is always with the celebrated sword of Damocles, in the shape of an action-at-law, with heavy damages, hanging over his head, that a journalist sits down to pen a leading article, indite a criticism, or simply report a fact. Woe to the critic who dares to hint that a dramatic author has written anything of an objectionable nature in his new comedy; that a pianist has broken down in a *Valse brillante*, or a classical Sonata; that an author did not know his words; or that a singer sang rather flat. What we, then, especially require is to keep a sharp lawyer on the premises, as advertising tailors keep a poet. So impressed are we of this, that we have determined to attach such a personage permanently to our staff. It will be his duty to scrutinize carefully all our articles before we send them to press, and to see whether they may with safety to our pockets be inserted. The glass of water which the Brahmin thought he might drink in perfect innocence without infringing his creed, contained, as he found to his horror, when he viewed it under the microscope, living creatures. Similarly, we might discover, when looking through a pair of legal spectacles, that what we, in our simplicity, considered a most harmless and inoffensive essay, was teeming with foul calumnies, base aspersions, and lively libels. We repeat that every periodical requires a lawyer permanently kept on the premises. We are in treaty with an eminent member of the bar, blessed with as fine a nose for a libel as a pointer for a partridge, but the negotiations are not yet concluded.

Under the circumstances we venture to hope that a fair correspondent, who wrote to us last week, will not to be angry if we do not print her letter. But we will not yield even to that famous hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha, in chivalrous devotion to the charming sex, who, Burns assures us, were made by no "prentice hand." We will give the gist of her communication, and promise, directly we have laid on our lawyer, and know how severe we may legally be, to return to the subject, provided the offender, grown bold by impunity, ever repeats the offence with which he is charged.

Bianca, as we will designate our fair correspondent, tells us that she lately visited, with a small company, that flourishing seat of trade, and busy centre of industry—well, say: Claymoretown, in Kiltshire. During her stay a concert was given for the funds of the highly-deserving society of Refraining Bagpipers. Previous to the commencement of the concert, Bianca, accompanied by another lady, went into the artists' room at the Refraining Bagpipers' Grand Hall to speak to some friends who were to sing in the concert. The two ladies paid their visit without let or hindrance. But after the close of the entertainment matters took a different turn. The two ladies, desiring to bid their friends farewell, again proceeded to the artists' room, and

were about once more to enter its precincts. But their passage was unexpectedly barred by one in authority among the Refraining fraternity, who, putting his arm across the doorway, said: "I can't allow you to come in here." It may be observed, perhaps, that the obstructive Bagpiper mistook the ladies for strangers, impelled by woman's curiosity to introduce themselves where they had no business; fascinated, mayhap, by the strange charm which art and artists possess for many, and desirous of obtaining a nearer view of those they had just heard than could be obtained from the body of the Hall. Such a thing is not impossible. One of our most popular modern dramatists—now, alas! dead—has frequently related to us how, during his school-boy days, after deducting the portion absolutely necessary for meals and the exigencies of family life, he spent most of his holidays in passing and re-passing the stage doors of the various London theatres, and endeavouring to snatch hasty views of what was going on within. Even after his name had become celebrated as a writer for the stage, he always remembered, with a glow of satisfaction, the fact of his having succeeded in making the acquaintance of one of the gasmen at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, thanks to the kind mediation of the pot-boy, whose proud privilege it was to carry in the porter consumed of an evening behind the scenes, by the carpenters and others. It may be urged that the self-appointed Cerberus, supposed the ladies to be mere intruders, and, like Horace, exclaimed:—

"Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo."

Unfortunately for him, the offender could not urge this excuse. He knew the ladies were artists. Our fair correspondent says that she should treat such conduct with contempt, "but that our expulsion having been public, bystanders could only have formed one impression regarding us, which it is unnecessary to particularize." "A public insult," she goes on to remark, "demands public exposure, not merely in our own interest but in that of the 'sisters in the craft,' as it may be well for any coming to Claymoretown to be prepared for the despicable treatment offered to ladies by the —" Refraining Bagpiper in question.

We can fully understand Bianca's indignation at the treatment she received. But her position, both as a woman of education and a popular artist, is too high to be affected by the rudeness of any Claymoretown Refrainer; and she need be under no apprehension whatever as to the impression produced on the bystanders who witnessed the occurrence. That impression was, no doubt, highly unfavourable; but, judging from the facts as stated to us, unfavourable to the amateur door-keeper and self-constituted guardian of the artists' room, not to the ladies seeking admission therein. As regards Bianca's "sisters in the craft," should this member of the Refraining Bagpipers ever behave so rudely to them, as he is alleged to have behaved in the present instance, we beg to suggest that his victims might soon punish him by putting in force the provisions of a recent act of Parliament, or of some act of similar purport holding good in Kiltshire; for, according to Bianca, the offender had, that same evening, previously to annoying her and her friend, already been guilty of conduct by no means favourable to the high pretensions, or compatible with the austere principles of the Refraining Bagpipers.

L. T.

At the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, Madame Arabella Goddard is to play, for the first time, Mozart's piano-forte concerto in B flat—his last composition of the kind. The "cadenzas" which Madame Goddard will introduce, in

the first and last movements, have been composed expressly for her by Herr Capellmeister Reinecke, of Leipsic. Another interesting feature at this concert will be the "*Festival Overture*" of Mr. Wingham, now certainly the most distinguished student at the Royal Academy of Music. Last, not least, we are promised Mendelssohn's incomparable *Scotch Symphony*, and the second of Beethoven's *Leonora* overtures. A magnificent programme!—Honour to "G" and to "A. M."

ON THE DEATH OF MENDELSSOHN.*

On the 27th of September, 1847 (Moscheles writes in his journal), the Mendelssohn family returned from Switzerland. Mentally, our delightful friend is just the same, but physically, he seems to me changed; he has aged, he is languid, and his walk is less quick than it used to be. And yet, if one sees him at the piano, or hears him talking about art and artists, he is all life and fire. His friend, Julius Rietz, is just entering on his post of Capellmeister at Leipsic, and that is a great delight to him. "There's another," said Mendelssohn, "who really loves good music, who can produce good things himself, and can bring the productions of others to the highest pitch of perfection, and now the Gewandhaus concerts will have quite the genuine ring about them. And then what quantities of music we will have at home! Rietz plays the violoncello so well, it will be a splendid winter." On the 9th of October, Mendelssohn called for Charlotte and me to take a walk with him; we saw him coming slowly and languidly through the garden to the house. When my wife affectionately asked him how he felt, he answered—"How I feel?—Well, I feel all grey in grey." She tried to cheer him by saying that the sunny weather and the walk would do him good. And really, during our stroll through the Rosenthal, he became so bright and lively, that we forgot his indisposition. He told us about his last stay in London—his visit to the Queen; how prettily she had sung to him, when he had played to her and the Prince; how she had then said, in such a kind manner, "He had so often given her pleasure, was there no way of giving him any?"; how he had begged to see the children, and she had conducted him into the beautifully arranged nursery department, and shown him the little princes and princesses, all so well brought up and so good that it was quite a treat to see them. Then he spoke about his wife's coming birthday, for which occasion he had bought her a cloak. Another invaluable present he had also himself prepared for her for this birthday. On a tour that he and Klingemann had made in Scotland, they kept a journal together, Klingemann writing verses, Mendelssohn drawing. These hasty sketches he had now worked out, collected, and bound together; but when he presented this gift to his wife, hoping to please her with it, he was already at death's door!

We separated (continues the journal) at about one o'clock, in the best spirits. But already that same afternoon, in the Freges' house, Mendelssohn became very unwell. He had gone there to try and again persuade Frau Frege—that artist whom he so highly esteemed—to sing in the approaching performance of *Elijah*. "She shrinks from appearing in public," he said to us a few days previously, "because she has been suffering a great deal from her throat; but nobody can sing it as she does. I must inspire her with courage." The literal account which here follows of his visit to Frau Frege, on the 9th of October, we owe to a personal communication. He entered the room with these words: "I am coming to-day, and every day, till you give me your consent, and now I bring you again the altered pieces (of *Elijah*). But I feel dreadfully low-spirited, so much so that I actually cried the other day over my trio. But, before *Elijah*, you must, to-day, help me to put together a collection of songs; Härtels are pressing me so much for it." He had brought the set, Op. 71, and, as the seventh song, the *Alteutsche Frühlingslied*, which he had already composed in the summer of this year, but only written out on the 7th of October. "I knew," said Frau Frege, "about in what order he would arrange them, and laid them out on the piano, one by one." When I had sung the first he was greatly moved and asked for it again, and added—"That was a serious birthday present for Schleinitz on the 1st of October; but it is just how I feel myself, and I cannot tell you how sad it made me to see Fanny's still unaltered rooms in Berlin. And yet I have so much to thank God for—Cécile is so well, and the little Felix (his youngest son and a delicate

child) too." I had to sing all the songs several times, and stuck to the point that the *Frühlingslied* did not seem to me to go very well with that set. So he said—"Very well; the whole set looks serious; let it go forth into the world as it is." Though he looked very pale, I had to sing him the first song for the third time, and he said all kinds of nice and affectionate things to me about it. Then he asked: "If you are not too tired, could't we just sing the last quartet out of *Elijah*?" I went out of the room to order lights, and when I came back he was sitting in the other room in the sofa corner, and said his hands had got quite stiff and cold, and he thought he would rather be well-advised, and just take a run round the town, for he felt too bad to play properly. When he got into the open air he felt it was best to go straight home, and there sat down in the sofa corner, where Cécile found him at seven o'clock, his hands again quite numb. The next day the doctor applied leeches to relieve the severe headache from which he was suffering; the doctor had taken it for disorder of the stomach, and it was only later that he declared it to be an excessive irritation of the nervous system. I had for a long time—even before Fanny's death—been struck by his paleness when he was conducting or playing. Everything seemed to tire him more than formerly. The whole town was terror-struck, his friends trembled, when the news of his illness spread abroad; but when he began to amend they again believed in his ultimate recovery. A few days afterwards he received visits from his friends, was in good spirits, and made plan after plan. He even wanted to go to Vienna to fulfil his promise of conducting *Elijah*, but his friends dissuaded him from this exertion. To Frau Frege, who went to see him, he said, "Well, I gave you a pretty fright; I must have been a cheerful-looking object." By degrees the convalescent felt better and better, and was allowed on the 28th to take a walk with his wife. He even wanted to go out again, but the careful wife persuaded him to rest, and he consented; and, alas! immediately afterwards he sank down. They called it paralysis. The anxiety and sadness of the next days cannot be described. The whole town shared it with relations and friends. Once more an apparent improvement showed itself, but he soon became highly excited, and began talking English wildly; and on the 3rd of November, at half-past two, he had a third attack, which completely shattered his senses. The bulletin is besieged, but the news which it gives tell of no improvement, and so the 4th of November draws nearer.

Midday.—The physicians, Drs. Hammer, Hofrath, Carus, and surgeon Walther are with the patient by turns. The bulletin which Schleinitz writes declares the case to be hopeless. Herr and Frau Frege, David, Rietz, Schleinitz, my wife and I remain anxiously near the sick room. The only words of encouragement that the doctors can give are these: "If there should be no fresh attack, the seeming quiet may bring about a happy change, and he may be saved." But this repose was only the result of the decline of his physical strength.

Evening.—From two o'clock in the afternoon, when a repetition of the attack was feared at the same hour as the day before, utter unconsciousness set in. All the more delicate organs and mental powers were gone, and he lay quiet, breathing loud and heavily. In the evening we were all assembled around his bed, without fearing a disturbance; his angelically peaceful countenance, the stamp of his immortal soul impressed itself deeply and indelibly on our spirits. His Cécile bore the terrible weight of her grief heroically—she never once broke down; not a word betrayed her inner suffering. His brother Paul, like a moving marble statue, was continually by his bedside. This tragic scene was still heightened by the vainly expected arrival of his sister, Frau Dirichlet, and his relations, Herr and Frau Schunck. Dr. Härtel had gone off to Berlin to fetch them, and also Dr. Schönlein; but they did not come. From nine in the evening the fatal end began to approach and the breathing became slower. The doctors counted the respiration as if they wanted to enrich science with new discoveries; the features became transfigured; Cécile knelt by the bedside, suffused in tears; and in the deathly silence Paul Mendelssohn, David, Schleinitz, and I surrounded the bed in earnest prayer. With every breath that escaped from the dying man, I felt the struggle of the great spirit which was breaking loose from its mortal frame. At twenty-four minutes past nine he breathed out his great soul with a deep sigh. The doctor took Cécilia into another room, and supported her in her speechless grief. I knelt by the bed, accompanying the soul of the departed one to heaven with my prayers, and kissed the lofty brow before it had grown cold under the hand of death. We remained some hours together, bewailing the irreparable loss; and then each one retired, with his

* From the second volume of *The Memoirs of Moscheles*—edited by Mrs. Moscheles.

grief. The children had been sent to bed at nine, and were already sleeping calmly when God called their father to Himself. Even the awful solemnity of the funeral celebration can never come up to the feelings which overpowered me then, and which I shall always carry about with me in remembrance of that beloved friend—a man beyond the possibility of ever being replaced. The whole city mourned; the Gewandhaus had no concert on the 4th November;—and who would have gone to listen to it? That one broken chord had taken the tune out of our own souls.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

COMO.—Miss Anna Trafford has been singing here with much success. A distinguished critic writes of her as follows:—

"Nella parte della Principessa, s'è rivelata artista gentile e valente la Signora Anna Trafford. Nel suo canto dolcissimo si sente una grazia e purezza di stile che innamora: nella sua voce pura, squillante, c'è del calore, della passione, gli è perciò ch'essa pure fu festeggiata con trasporto, e può andare giustamente orgogliosa del successo completo che le arrise."

This is high praise, and, as an appropriate sequel, we may mention that Miss Trafford has made a five months' engagement at the Lisbon opera.

THE subjoined extracts from the *Journal* of Thomas Raikes may interest our readers?

"22nd March, 1833.—We went this evening with Sir H. Cooke to see the oratorio at Covent Garden. It is a new spectacle this year, being the representation of the Israelites in Egypt, with the passage of the Red Sea: the singing by the first professors. The orchestra and the decorations are all excellent, but it is too much like a real opera to be represented in Lent another year."

Writing from Paris, 26th May, 1834, Mr. Raikes gives the following information as to the grants voted to the royal theatres:—

For the Grand Opera, 670,000 francs, and for the pensions of retired artists, 180,000 francs, making together	£34,000
For the Theatre Français	8,000
Opéra Comique	7,200
Italian Opera	2,800
	£52,000

February 1st, 1836.—An attempt was made this evening to assassinate Mdle. Grisi, the singer at the Italian Operahouse. A man presented a pistol at her head, and was arrested by the guard before any mischief ensued. He had another in his pocket destined for himself. He is supposed to have been a slighted lover.

"March 3rd, 1836.—The new Grand Opera by Meyerbeer has been produced at the Académie by the name of *Les Huguenots*. The music is worthy of the master, and was received with much applause."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE first of the present series of Monthly Popular Concerts took place at the Angell Town Institution, Brixton, on Tuesday last, and, like all those which have preceded it, was fully attended. Haydn's Quartet in B flat, by Messrs. Holmes, Folkes, Zerbini, and Lutzen, was satisfactory, as was also the performance of Schumann's Quartet by the same artists. Mr. Ridley Prentice's performance of Beethoven's Sonata ("Moonlight") was excellent, and gained general approbation. Mr. H. Holmes' Sonata in G minor for pianoforte and violin was well played by Messrs. Prentice and Holmes. Miss Purdy was the vocalist. Her best effort was Sullivan's "Willow Song." Mr. Simson was conductor. In the prospectus, just issued, the director (Mr. Prentice) says:—"The educational value of these concerts has been widely recognised, and a general desire has been expressed that they should become a permanent institution. The programmes will consist, as hitherto, of writings by the best masters. These concerts were the first attempt of the kind in the suburbs of London, and the committee invite the support and co-operation of all who recognise the importance and value of a pure taste and an elevated ideal in art."

MDLLE. EMMA ALBANI, Mr. Gye's new and richly-endowed prima donna, has appeared with great and distinguished success at the Italian Opera in Paris. The opera chosen for the occasion was *La Sonnambula*, and the part, as a matter of course, Amina. At the beginning, the public were somewhat cold; but the second act (the bed-room scene) warmed them up; and after "Ah non credea mirarti" Mdle. Albani's triumph was an accomplished thing. The Elvino was M. Capoul.

PROVINCIAL.

WHITEFORD.—Mr. W. F. Taylor being on a visit at Whiteford, Cornwall, has assisted the local amateurs in organizing some concerts for charitable purposes. The *Western Daily Mercury* says:—

"A concert was given in the Assembly Rooms, Callington, on the 20th, at which the amateurs of Callington, including Miss Protheroe, of Whiteford, were assisted by Mr. W. F. Taylor, the eminent composer and pianist of London, and which was crowded to excess. The entertainment was all that could be desired, and the profits, amounting to over £15, were given to the fund for providing the poor of Callington with coals during the ensuing winter. On the 21st, Mr. Taylor organized another concert for the purpose of buying a stove to heat the church at Stoke Climland, which also was a great success. The chief features of both evenings were a new song, 'Memory Green,' by W. F. Taylor, (published by Duncan Davison & Co.), 'I leave my heart at home,' by the same composer, and a MS. grand *Polonaise de Concert*, composed and played by W. F. Taylor on one of Broadwood's splendid grand pianos."

NEWCASTLE.—A local paper says:—

"The harvest thanksgiving service, held in St. Paul's Church, Newcastle, was largely attended. The organ, after being removed to the west end of the church, and enlarged by Mr. C. H. Shepherd, was now used for the first time since its renovation. It has had nine new stops added, as well as an extra bellows and new keyboards, and the effect of this will ultimately be to greatly improve the tone and appearance of the instrument. The work, however, is still in an unfinished state, and hence the hymns which had been specially composed for the service were not heard to such great advantage as might have been desired. The pretty setting to 'The golden corn now waxes strong' was by Mr. Rea; while Mr. Shepherd, the hon. organist, produced some equally pleasing music to the words 'Come, ye thankful people, come.' Both pieces possess many points of undoubted merit."

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The *soirée musicale* given by the New Philharmonic Society, on the 23rd ult., may be said to have inaugurated the winter musical season in London. The first instrumental piece was Hummel's trio in E flat for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, containing the charming slow movement in A flat, so characteristic of its author's style. The pianist was Miss Alice Bernard, a young lady, who has on several occasions most favourably impressed the members of the society with her abilities. The *allegro* of the trio was admirably rendered, and the *finale* was brilliantly played. It was, however, in the slow movement that the fair pianist won her best laurels. Miss Alice Bernard was warmly applauded on the conclusion of her performance. A *largo* in D, by Bach, and a *gavotte* by Martini, brought forward M. Paque as a soloist. The *largo* in D is not new to M. Paque's admirers, but the *gavotte* is one of the clever violoncellist's new arrangements, and was listened to with additional interest. Herr Pollitzer's solo consisted of a *romance* of his own composition. His auditors were enthusiastic in acknowledging the excellence of his playing, as well as in expressing their satisfaction with his pleasing composition. The *Duo* in D, by Mendelssohn, was the celebrated air with variations for pianoforte and violoncello—one of the posthumous publications. Mr. A. Barth was the pianist, and won great applause by the spirit with which he executed the brilliant variations. The accuracy of Mr. Barth's playing is very striking; and, as he unites with it much musical knowledge and an agreeable touch, his performances are always listened to with pleasure. Last evening he had to acknowledge many warm tokens of approval. The classical instrumental music was agreeably relieved by some pianoforte solos by a Spanish pianist—Señor Mariano de Lafuente—who made his first bow to an English audience on the occasion. The vocal music at the *soirée* was of a superior kind.

The last *soirée* but one of the season is announced for Wednesday, Nov. 20th.

WE are informed that Madame Arabella Goddard, previous to revisiting the United States, intends to pass some time in Australia, having received more than one tempting proposal to play at Sydney, Melbourne, and other towns. She also, we understand, purposes going both to Canada and California, before returning to New York. Her absence from England may be calculated at a year.

MR. W. H. HOLMES, we are informed, has just completed a new pianoforte concerto. Better news for pianists, amateur and professional (especially professional), could hardly be imagined. Few understand the powers of the real "King of Instruments" (organ and violin not forgotten), so thoroughly as this accomplished *virtuoso* and admirable musician.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A special meeting of the stewards of the late Musical Festival was held at the Guildhall, Worcester, to consider the following resolution which the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington had signified his intention to move:—"That, in the opinion of this meeting, it is desirable, and clearly within our discretion, that the surplus of receipts from the sale of tickets at the late Musical Festival over the expenditure should be applied in aid of such charitable institutions in the county and city of Worcester as may appear to be most in need of such assistance." The Right Hon. Earl Beauchamp was voted to preside. There was a numerous attendance of stewards. The Rev. T. L. Wheeler, honorary secretary, read the balance sheet, from which it appeared that the disbursements were as follows:—The principal singers, 1,099*l.*; band, 85*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*; chorus, 900*l.* 10*s.* *; fittings for the Cathedral and the College Hall, 287*l.*; advertising and printing, 224*l.* 8*s.*; lighting gas, &c., 38*l.* 18*s.*; conductor, 140*l.*; librarian, 60*l.*; Deighton & Son, for sale of tickets, &c., 70*l.*; Mr. Spark, ditto, 26*l.*; miscellaneous, 176*l.* 6*s.*; Mr. Nicholson, for loan of organ, 52*l.*; total, 3,927*l.* 10*s.* The receipts were:—from Deighton & Son, for tickets, 3,843*l.* 14*s.*; Mr. Spark, ditto, 748*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Madame Patey (cash returned), 10*l.* 10*s.*; Rev. R. Cattley, for tickets, 1*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; tents, Mrs. Jackson and Miss Mace, 2*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*; total, 4,696*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* Total proceeds of the Festival, 678*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*

Sir John Pakington, in moving his resolution, said he was fully sensible that in doing so he was proposing a departure from a long-established precedent; but he asked the meeting carefully to consider whether the time had not arrived when such a departure from precedent was not both desirable and perfectly justifiable. Sir John then pointed out that the original charity which the Festivals were intended to benefit—namely, the charity for the support of the widows and orphans of the clergy in this diocese—was, at the present time, at least in that diocese, unusually well provided for: the late Miss Kilvert having left it a legacy of 10,000*l.*, and it had other sources of income, one source being the collection made at the doors of the Cathedral after the performance of the oratorios. Those donations were collected according to a long-standing rule, and were sacred, under all possible circumstances, for the benefit of the charity. A century and a half had elapsed since the Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester was first held, and, until the last few years, the stewards, of whom there were only six, he himself being one, had had to make good the deficiency which occurred through the receipts not being equal to the expenditure. He remembered that on one occasion they considered themselves very lucky, indeed, in being left off with a loss of 45*l.* each. It was only within the last fifteen or sixteen years that the deficiency had been converted into a surplus. He attributed this to the increased facilities for travelling, the increased prosperity and population of the country, and the development of a taste for high class music. Now that they had so large a surplus as 678*l.*, after defraying all the expenses connected with the recent Festival, Sir John urged the desirability of the balance arising from the sale of tickets being devoted to various charities of the city and county, leaving the donations collected at the Cathedral doors to be handed over to the Society for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy in the Three Dioceses.

Mr. H. Willis (Mayor of Worcester), seconded the resolution. He said he thought they could not do anything better with the surplus than devote it to certain institutions which men, of all shades of religious and political opinions, felt anxious to support. Besides he considered that such a course would induce a still more widespread interest in the Triennial Musical Festivals. The Honorary Secretary read two letters that he had received from Mr. H. Allsopp and Mr. J. Willis-Bund, both of whom questioned the legality of the stewards devoting the proceeds of the Festival to any other than the Clergy Widows' and Orphans' Fund. Mr. R. Paul Amphlett, M.P., also doubted whether they were legally in a position, considering the terms of their advertisement, to do that which Sir John Pakington had proposed, and which he (Mr. Amphlett) believed was most desirable to pursue. After some discussion it was unanimously resolved to adopt Sir John Pakington's resolution—subject, however, to counsel's opinion being in favour of its legality. Should counsel's opinion be adverse, the Hon. Secretary will call another meeting of the stewards.

Earl Beauchamp proposed that the whole of the proceeds should be handed over to the City and County Infirmary. Sir John Pakington moved that the 678*l.* should be divided as follows:—400*l.* to the Infirmary, 100*l.* towards the cost of the Cathedral new clock and bells, 100*l.* to the City and County Orphan Asylum, and the remaining 78*l.* to the Festival Choir. Earl Beauchamp said he should be sorry if any part of the balance were given to the Orphan Asylum, respecting which he said serious objections were made. Mr. T. R. Hill said he

was astounded to hear that anyone entertained any conscientious objection whatever to so useful and charitable an Institution as the City and County Asylum. Mr. Brinton spoke of the usefulness of the Kidderminster Infirmary, and moved as an amendment, "That the sum of 78*l.* should be given to that institution instead of to the Festival Choir." Mr. Godson seconded the amendment. Earl Beauchamp moved as an amendment, "That instead of giving 100*l.* to the Orphan Asylum, that amount should be granted as a donation to the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy in the three dioceses."

On being put to the vote, it was decided to apportion the money in the following way:—400*l.* to the Infirmary, 100*l.* for the Cathedral clock and bells, 100*l.* to the City and County Orphan Asylum, and 78*l.* to the Choral Society. It was stated that the proceeds of the Festival of 1869 amounted to 329*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.*

"LO" AND LUCCA.

(From the "New York Weekly Review.")

The caprice that led the little Baroness von Rhaden to hunt down the "burntwood Tetons," at the Grand Central, and captivate the entire party of fourteen aboriginal chiefs, who were brought prisoners to her charms, under the charge of Col. J. O'Connor, the next day, Saturday, to her house, No. 17, East Fourteenth Street, forms a characteristic episode in her eventful career. She had just been personating the barbarian queen in *L'Africaine*, and after expiring under the upas tree, revived with miraculous celerity and vigour, to trip out of the Academy, across to her residence, to receive her veritably savage guests, the chiefs of the Upper and Lower Yankton party, in their full suit of war paint, feathers, and fantastic finery. In her reception room she welcomed Messrs. Thunder Hawk, Flying Antelope, the Bear Family, Iron Horn, Bull's Ghost, Mad Bear, Grass, Sitting Crow, Big Head, and other swarthy, fearfully painted, beaded, be-spangled, befringed, and bedizened sons of the forest and prairie, with whom she cordially shook hands, returning their salutations of "How!" with bewitching sweetness. She examined their tomahawks and other appointment, treated them to wine, and made them do what they had done for no one before—sing a war song. With this specimen of aboriginal opera the Diva was much delighted. It commenced in a subdued guttural tone, with a grunted repetition of "Hi-yi-ya-yo-o-oh," but with the swaying of the bodies, and thumping of tomahawks, it grew louder and shriller, and worked up a terrific crescendo, and concluded in a shrieked and howled climax, sufficiently startling to curdle one's blood, and make one's hair stand on end. For this mark of condescension the noblemen of the Western Wild solicited from the Queen of Song a return of the compliment. She complied with obliging promptitude, and sang to an accompaniment of the piano, by Mr. Maretzek, an air from Gounod's *Faust*. It was the jewel song, and it produced an electrical effect upon her audience. The pipe of peace was lit and handed round. The big chief of the Enquapapas grunted "how-how," with ineffable satisfaction, and Mad Bear muttered, with undisguised wonder, "Little squaw! big voice, ugh! heap of mocking birds." When the Sioux, who had been abundantly regaled with champagne as well as with music, were marshalled by Col. O'Connor for their departure, they took a formal but most cordial leave of their lovely hostess, whose hand they nearly crushed as they "how-howed" their farewell. Their attempt to make their exit through the pier-glass was a failure, but they got out at last, the eccentric and laughing little prima donna catching a last glimpse of them from the balcony. They were loudly cheered by the throng outside, and raised a war-whoop as they started on their return to the Grand Central. Lucca pronounces her adventure with the Indians one of the "funniest" she ever had, and shows the grizzly bear's claws, and eagle's plumes they gave her with amusing triumph; but it has been observed that some of the noble red men have grown very pensive since her interview with them, and their medicine man expresses fear that he has no charm sufficiently potent to break the spell cast upon them by the beautiful singing sorceress of the pale face.

GRATZ.—Madame Artôt-Padilla and her husband are singing here at present. They will remain till the 11th inst.

BADEN.—One of the most successful concerts given here this season was that on the 12th October. In the first place, there were two well-known composers as conductors: Herr Hans von Bulow and Herr Johann Strauss. The programme included the overture to Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*; "Des Sängers Fluch," Uhländ's ballad set by Herr von Bulow; and "Les Préludes," Symphonic-Poem by the Abbate Franz Liszt. Herr von Bulow played the "Ungarische Fantaisie" with full band ("Rhapsodie," No. 14), Franz Liszt; and Herr von Nagornoff, the first movement of Lipinski's *Militär-Concert* for Violin. The room was very crowded.

* Surely the items for band and chorus are wrong.—ED.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has returned to town—from Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The genuine success of the play of *Charles I.*, at the Lyceum Theatre, is a proof that, after all, an English public can be found for drama which has a legitimate right to be called drama. Go on, Colonel Bateman, and prosper;—but go on in the same path. You have the means—and, we are glad to think, the will.

Mr. Frederick Gye has returned to London, from the North of Scotland.

A new concert overture by Mr. Gadsby will be played this season at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Gye's long-tried and worthy factotum, has returned from St. Petersburg.

"A play upon words," as the schoolboy said when he kicked the dictionary up and down the school.

We are happy to hear that Messrs. Lamborn Cook and Co. will continue their business in Bond Street.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will begin its season at Exeter Hall with a performance of *Judas Macabeus*—a novelty!

Mr. F. Stanislaus has been appointed, by Miss Ada Cavendish, Musical Director at the Theatre Royal Olympic, during her forthcoming season.

The talented young harp player, Fraulein Anna Dubez, from Vienna, has been elected Kammer Virtuosi to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

The death is announced of "Fanny Fern," the authoress, who, under this well known *nom de plume*, gained considerable popularity on both sides of the Atlantic.

A correspondent, who signs himself "Punctuation," is continually reminding us that the plural of "Waif" is "Waives." We submit the question to philologists.

Mr. Ignace Gibbons has assigned to Messrs. Enoch and Sons, the Copyright (for France and Germany) of his popular "Marche Bresilienne," and "Stella" Valse.

A new choral society has been established in Kentish Town under the direction of Mr. W. Henry Thomas, son of Mr. Lewis Thomas, and, as befits his lineage, a musician of whom more will be heard in time to come.

At last Monday's Peoples' Concert in Albert Hall, Mr. W. S. Hoyte made a great impression with a *fantasia* for the organ, "The Storm," by J. Lemmens. The public insisted on a repetition of the piece, notwithstanding its length.

A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said, "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?"—"Brimstone, my love!" was the affectionate reply.

Mdlle. Mallinger has made her *début* at St. Petersburg, as Adina, in the *Éléris d'Amore*, with questionable success. The Nemorino was Sig. Gardoni—who, five-and-twenty years ago, made his *début* before a Russian audience in the same character.

The secretary of the British Hospital for Diseases of the Skin is anxious, through our columns, most gratefully to acknowledge a third munificent Donation for the Hospital for Skin Diseases, in Great Marlborough Street—of £1000, from V. S. T.

A gentleman said to an old lady who had brought up a family of children near a river, "I should think you would have lived in constant fear that some of them would have got drowned." "Oh no," responded the old lady, "we only lost three or four in that way."

Mr. John Camden Hotten will shortly bring out a new work by Mr. Hargrave Jennings, author of the *Rosicrucians*, the *Indian Religions*; or *Results of the Mysterious Buddhism*, &c. Mr. Hargrave Jennings is the well-known secretary of Her Majesty's Opera. This new book is "One of the Thirty," being a history or narrative of the changes and migrations, through eighteen centuries, of "One of the Thirty Pieces of Silver for which Jesus Christ was Sold." It will be illustrated by engravings; and will prove curious and interesting both to the general reader and to the antiquary.—(Communicated.)

Another work immediately to be published by Messrs. John Hodges, religious in character, and proving remarkably versatile powers on the part of Mr. Hargrave Jennings, is *Live Lights or Dead Lights*; *Altar or Table? a Treatise on the Eucharist, or Sacrament*; urging the acceptance of either one or the other horn of the Church of England dilemma immediately, in the interest of the maintenance of the Church. This little book will be also illustrated by engravings of architectural and sacred objects; tending to the central purpose, the character of the "Holy Communion."—(Communicated.)

Herr Ernst Pauer will give six lectures on the Calvein and Piano-forte in the theatre, South Kensington Museum, commencing on Wednesday next, and continuing, on Wednesdays, till the end. Each lecture will be illustrated by examples from the great masters, beginning with Scarlatti.

"Miss Anna Mehlig"—says an American paper—"has returned from California after a concert tour whose success speaks well for the advancing taste of the gilt-edged community of that outpost of civilization. The accomplished pianist has been retained for service at the first Brooklyn, and, we believe, the second New York Philharmonic."

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the House of Commons during a rambling debate, was taken out, the sergeant-at-arms telling him that he was "out of place in that gallery."—"That's so," said the lunatic, "I ought to be on the floor with the members."

The following advertisement recently appeared in a New York paper:—

"Tried to learn but gave it up. Will sell piano, stool, cover and hymn book for 150 dols. A few dollars cash. Address 'Old Bach,' *Herald* office."

Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington has returned to town from a very successful tour in the Provinces. Her "Scale Waltz," illustrating how scales must be studied, which she has introduced at all her concerts, has met with the greatest success. Another feature in the programme was Mr. Lemmens' "Volunteers' March," played by the author on the celebrated "Mustel Organ," and nightly encored.

Here is what they sing at public schools in Vermont, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," visitors all joining in the chorus:—

"If anything on earth can make,
A great and glorious nation,
It is to give the little ones
A thorough education.

CHORUS—Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,
Five times seven are thirty-five,
And five times eight are forty.

GENOA.—The opera, *Roberto di Normandia*, composed by Signori Denina and Cordiali, has proved an utter failure at the Teatro Dorici.

ROME.—The Teatro Metastasio, after having been re-decorated and partially rebuilt, was opened a short time since.

VENICE.—Signor F. Ricci, who is at present stopping here, has, according to report, just completed a new opera: *Una Festa a Venezia*. Signor Costantino Dall'Argine has also a new opera ready. It is entitled *Il Re Nala*.

FLORENCE.—Signor Tacchinardi's new opera, *I Conti senza l'Oste*, is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced at the Teatro Nuovo.—Signor Ricci's operetta, *Chi dura vince*, has been revived at the Teatro Rossini, and, though badly performed, very well received.

CAIRO.—The Italian operatic season was to commence on the 1st inst., and last five months. The company includes Signore Parespa-Rosa, Pozzoni-Anastasi, Destinn-Löwe, Smeroschi, Corsi, Cucchi, Cortes, Allievi, Signori Corsi, Carpi, Piazza, Sinigaglia, Angiolini (tenors), Soller, Cottoni (barytones) Medini, Lari, Pessini (basses), Fioravanti, Altini, and Baldasari (buffos). Signori Botteini and Zecchi will be the chief conductors, while Signor Vananzi will conduct the ballets. Among the operas produced here for the first time will be *La Forza del Destino*, *La Muta di Portici*, and *Roberto il Diavolo*.

SALZBURG.—The archives of the Mozarteum have been enriched by another relic, the bill of the first performance in Vienna of *Die Zauberflöte*. An admirable photo-lithograph of it has been published by Herr Albert in Munich, and will most probably soon find its way to other European capitals. The bill runs thus: "To-day, Friday, the 30th September, 1791. The actors in the privileged Imperial and Royal Theatre on the Wieden, will have the honour of performing for the first time: *Die Zauberflöte*. A grand Opera in two acts, by Emmanuel Schikaneder." Then comes a dash, after which the bill goes on thus: "The music is by Herr Wolfgang Amade Mozart, *Capellmeister*, and actual Imperio-Royal Chamber Composer. Herr Mozart, out of respect for a gracious and deeply-respected public, and friendship for the author of the piece, will himself conduct the orchestra." There is now another dash, and underneath we read: "The books of the opera, embellished with two engravings on copper, representing Herr Shikaneder in the character of Papageno, and executed from the true costume, may be purchased at the treasury of the Theatre for thirty kreuzers each." Then comes again another dash followed by: "Herr Gayl, stage-painter, and Herr Nealthaler, decorator, flatter themselves that they have worked with all possible artistic zeal, according to the plan of the piece laid down for them." Lastly we read: "The prices of admission are the same as usual, and the entertainment commences at 7 o'clock."

BARCELONA.—A Grand Musical Festival has recently been held in this city, under the direction of Señor Clavé.

DARMSTADT.—The new Grand Ducal Theatre will be built in the Renaissance style, after the designs of Herr Semper. The estimated cost is 1,200,000 florins.

NAPLES.—According to public report, Signor Musoni, the composer of the opera of *Camêns*, lately produced here, is no other than his Majesty, Dom Fernando of Portugal, who is a well-known musical dilettante.

MUNICH.—Herr Franz Lachner has had the misfortune to slip down in the street, and be run over by a cab. His right arm is seriously injured, and it will be some months, at least, before he can recover from his accident.

GLATZ.—A short time since, Herr Fr. Zikoff celebrated his thirtieth anniversary as Bandmaster of the 18th Regiment of the Line, in garrison here. During the thirty years he has held the post, Herr Zikoff has composed the respectable number of one hundred marches for his regiment.

MANNHEIM.—The Baron von Reeden, a member of the Opera here, is compiling an important work: *Das Leben deutscher Bühnenleiter und Künstler* (Lives of German Theatrical Directors and Artists). It will contain above a thousand biographies, and constitute a welcome addition to the literature of the German stage.

LEIPZIG.—The third Gewandhaus Concert took place on the 17th October. The following was the programme: First Part. Overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; Cantata, Benedetto Marcello (1680—1739); Concerto for the Horn (first time), W. A. Mozart; Songs: "Das Land der Ideale," Asger Hamerick; "Frühlingsblumen," Carl Reinecke; Overture, A minor (manuscript), Leo Grill. Second Part. Suite (No. 4, E flat major), Franz Lachner.

VIENNA.—The Emperor has granted the Count von Wickenberg, Herr von Melingo, and Herr Dietrich, the right of building a permanent theatre, to be called the Comic Opera, in the Schottenring, for performances of any kind, including ballets. The Theatre, it is reckoned, will cost 1,600,000 florins, and will be situated opposite the New Exchange. It will be opened before the closing of the Grand National Exhibition, and connected with it will be a large restaurant.

HAMBURG.—The *prima donna* question at the Stadttheater has been satisfactorily settled by the engagement of Mdlle. Wilde, from the Theatre at Rotterdam. The young lady made her first appearance as Leonore in *Fidelio*, and achieved a great success.—The celebrated Berlin Domchor, or Cathedral Choir, have given two concerts, at which they sang, a *capella*, "Graduale," Grell; "Motet," Hauptmann; "Graduale," Nicolai; "Volklied," arranged by Neithardt; "Christmas Song" (old Bohemian piece), arranged by Biedel; "Volklied," and other Songs, Mendelssohn; "Miserecordias Domini," Durante; "Crucifixus" (eight-part), Lotti; "Requiem eternam," Jomelli; "Nun hab' ich überwunden," M. Bach; "Ave Verum," Mozart; "Doxology," Bortniansky; "Graduale," Grell; and "Sanctus," from the *Missæ Solennis*, Rossini.

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